

T H E
LAMENTATION.

Great *Charles*, we do lament thy Fate,
For thou the Object art of late
Of Popish and of factious Hate.

These Winds from distant Quarters come,
From North and South, *Scotland* and *Rome*;
Yet both Concentre in thy Doom.

They seem each other to Engage,
And bluster high upon the Stage;
But against thee both bend their Rage.

Both of them Aim at thy dear Life,
But whether Rebellion, or a Knife
Shall do't, is now the only Strife.

Each of them Plots to have the Sway,
And struggle only, that it may
Be brought about in their own way.

'Tis neither Love nor Loyalty,
That make Phanaticks talk so high
Against Popish Plots and Treachery.

For they'll rejoyce at *Charles's* Fall,
And hope, once more, to have at all;
If Common-Wealth they could Recal.

The Papists hope will ne're be gone,
While they can set the Factions on,
And by them get their business done.

The Plotters thus are left Untry'd,
And weightiest Business laid aside,
Till private Rage be satisfy'd.

Our Princes Friends we first pursue,
Whom we count False and he counts True,
E're his own Foes can have their due.

The Tawny Turncoat doth suggest,
The Bishops too, amongst the rest,
Are Plotters, though they take the Test.

Yea, He assures us there are Fears,
That all the old great Cavaliers
Are in it, over Head and Ears.

And some there are that gravely say,
The King did help this Plot to lay,
For taking his own life away.

And thus, under pretence to Sift
The Plot to the bottom; their main drift
Is at the Government to lift.

Nor will the Plot serve their base Ends,
Unless it to the Ruine bends
Of Monarchy and all its Friends.

